

THE HOME GARDEN FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, AUTHOR OF "TARZAN"

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

AND so it was decided that I should return in the prospecter, which still lay upon the edge of the forest at the point where we had first penetrated to the surface of the inner world.

Dian would not listen to any arrangement for my going which did not include her, and I was not sorry that she wished to accompany me, for I wanted her to see my world, and I wanted my world to see her.

With a large force of men we marched to the great iron mole, which Perry soon had hoisted into position with its nose pointed back toward the outer crust. We went over all the machinery carefully, and repaired the air tanks, and made the engine for the engine. At last everything was ready, and we were about to set out when our pickets, a long, thin line of which surrounded our camp at all times, reported that a great body of what they called the "Mahars" were approaching from the direction of Phutru.

I was anxious to witness the first clash between two fair-sized armies of the opposing races of Pellucidar. I realized that this was to mark the historic beginning of a mighty struggle for possession of a world, and as the first Emperor of Pellucidar, I felt that it was not alone my duty, but my right to be in the thick of that momentous struggle.

As the opposing army approached, I saw that there were many Mahars with the Sagho troops—an indication of the vast importance which the dominant race placed upon the outcome of this campaign. It was not customary with them to take active part in the fighting, but their presence made for slaves—the only form of warfare which they waged upon the lower orders.

Chak and Dacor were both with us, having come primarily to view the prospect.

I placed Ghak with some of his Sarlans on the right of our battle line. Dacor took the left, while I commanded the centre. Behind me I stationed a sufficient reserve under one of Ghak's head men.

The Saghos advanced steadily with menacing spears, and I let them come until they were within easy bow shot before I gave the word to fire. The first volley of the front ranks of the gorilla-men crumpled to the ground; but those

HOMES FULL OF DON'TS LEAD TO BRIGHT NIGHTS, SAYS LENTEN PREACHER

Rev. I. Chantry Hoffman Tells Parents Amusements Should Be Provided Children by Firesides

WANTS ALTAR RESTORED

"Memory of Music, Laughter and Happiness Will Never Be Forgotten"

At last I took my place in the driving seat and called to one of the men without to fetch Dian.

It happened that Hojia stood quite close to the doorway of the prospecter so that it was he who, without my knowledge, went to bring her, but how he succeeded in accomplishing the feat is a thing which I do not know. Nor were others in the plot to aid him. Nor can I believe that, since all my people were loyal to me and would have made short work of Hojia had he suggested the heartless scheme, even had he time to acquaint another with it.

It was all done so quickly that I may only believe that it was the result of sudden impulse, aided by a number of, to the driving mechanism, and pulled the prospecter into the right moment.

All I know is that it was Hojia who brought Dian to the prospecter, still wrapped from head to foot in a shawl of an enormous cave lion which had covered her since the Mahars prisoners had been brought into camp. He deposited his burden in the seat beside me.

I was all ready to get under way. Good-by had been said.

Perry had grasped my hand in the last long farewell. I closed and barred the door and inner covers, took my seat again at the driving mechanism, and pulled the starting lever, as I had on my first journey.

As before on that far-gone night that had witnessed the first frame of the iron monster, there was a frightful roaring beneath us—the giant frame trembled and vibrated—there was a rush of sound as the loose earth passed up through the hollow space between the wheels and the outer jackets to be deposited in our wake.

Once more the thing was off.

But on the instant of departure I was nearly thrown from my seat by the sudden jerking of the prospecter. At first I did not realize what had happened, but presently it dawned upon me that just before entering the crust the towering walls had fallen through its supporting scaffolding, and that instead of entering the ground vertically we were plunging into it at a different angle. Where it would bring us out upon the upper crust I could not even conjecture.

Then I turned to note the effect of this strange experience upon Dian. She still sat shrouded in the great skin.

"Come, come," I cried, laughing, "come out of your shell. No Mahars eyes can reach you here."

CONCLUDED MONDAY.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

The robin pipes his well-known lay. It rains like everything. And all the little thingumbobs Come out, and lo! it's Spring!

Rev. I. Chantry Hoffman Tells Parents Amusements Should Be Provided Children by Firesides

WANTS ALTAR RESTORED

"Memory of Music, Laughter and Happiness Will Never Be Forgotten"

At last I took my place in the driving seat and called to one of the men without to fetch Dian.

It happened that Hojia stood quite close to the doorway of the prospecter so that it was he who, without my knowledge, went to bring her, but how he succeeded in accomplishing the feat is a thing which I do not know. Nor were others in the plot to aid him. Nor can I believe that, since all my people were loyal to me and would have made short work of Hojia had he suggested the heartless scheme, even had he time to acquaint another with it.

It was all done so quickly that I may only believe that it was the result of sudden impulse, aided by a number of, to the driving mechanism, and pulled the prospecter into the right moment.

All I know is that it was Hojia who brought Dian to the prospecter, still wrapped from head to foot in a shawl of an enormous cave lion which had covered her since the Mahars prisoners had been brought into camp. He deposited his burden in the seat beside me.

I was all ready to get under way. Good-by had been said.

Perry had grasped my hand in the last long farewell. I closed and barred the door and inner covers, took my seat again at the driving mechanism, and pulled the starting lever, as I had on my first journey.

As before on that far-gone night that had witnessed the first frame of the iron monster, there was a frightful roaring beneath us—the giant frame trembled and vibrated—there was a rush of sound as the loose earth passed up through the hollow space between the wheels and the outer jackets to be deposited in our wake.

Once more the thing was off.

But on the instant of departure I was nearly thrown from my seat by the sudden jerking of the prospecter. At first I did not realize what had happened, but presently it dawned upon me that just before entering the crust the towering walls had fallen through its supporting scaffolding, and that instead of entering the ground vertically we were plunging into it at a different angle. Where it would bring us out upon the upper crust I could not even conjecture.

Then I turned to note the effect of this strange experience upon Dian. She still sat shrouded in the great skin.

"Come, come," I cried, laughing, "come out of your shell. No Mahars eyes can reach you here."

CONCLUDED MONDAY.

At last I took my place in the driving seat and called to one of the men without to fetch Dian.

It happened that Hojia stood quite close to the doorway of the prospecter so that it was he who, without my knowledge, went to bring her, but how he succeeded in accomplishing the feat is a thing which I do not know. Nor were others in the plot to aid him. Nor can I believe that, since all my people were loyal to me and would have made short work of Hojia had he suggested the heartless scheme, even had he time to acquaint another with it.

It was all done so quickly that I may only believe that it was the result of sudden impulse, aided by a number of, to the driving mechanism, and pulled the prospecter into the right moment.

All I know is that it was Hojia who brought Dian to the prospecter, still wrapped from head to foot in a shawl of an enormous cave lion which had covered her since the Mahars prisoners had been brought into camp. He deposited his burden in the seat beside me.

I was all ready to get under way. Good-by had been said.

Perry had grasped my hand in the last long farewell. I closed and barred the door and inner covers, took my seat again at the driving mechanism, and pulled the starting lever, as I had on my first journey.

As before on that far-gone night that had witnessed the first frame of the iron monster, there was a frightful roaring beneath us—the giant frame trembled and vibrated—there was a rush of sound as the loose earth passed up through the hollow space between the wheels and the outer jackets to be deposited in our wake.

Once more the thing was off.

But on the instant of departure I was nearly thrown from my seat by the sudden jerking of the prospecter. At first I did not realize what had happened, but presently it dawned upon me that just before entering the crust the towering walls had fallen through its supporting scaffolding, and that instead of entering the ground vertically we were plunging into it at a different angle. Where it would bring us out upon the upper crust I could not even conjecture.

Then I turned to note the effect of this strange experience upon Dian. She still sat shrouded in the great skin.

"Come, come," I cried, laughing, "come out of your shell. No Mahars eyes can reach you here."

CONCLUDED MONDAY.

At last I took my place in the driving seat and called to one of the men without to fetch Dian.

It happened that Hojia stood quite close to the doorway of the prospecter so that it was he who, without my knowledge, went to bring her, but how he succeeded in accomplishing the feat is a thing which I do not know. Nor were others in the plot to aid him. Nor can I believe that, since all my people were loyal to me and would have made short work of Hojia had he suggested the heartless scheme, even had he time to acquaint another with it.

It was all done so quickly that I may only believe that it was the result of sudden impulse, aided by a number of, to the driving mechanism, and pulled the prospecter into the right moment.

All I know is that it was Hojia who brought Dian to the prospecter, still wrapped from head to foot in a shawl of an enormous cave lion which had covered her since the Mahars prisoners had been brought into camp. He deposited his burden in the seat beside me.

I was all ready to get under way. Good-by had been said.

Perry had grasped my hand in the last long farewell. I closed and barred the door and inner covers, took my seat again at the driving mechanism, and pulled the starting lever, as I had on my first journey.

As before on that far-gone night that had witnessed the first frame of the iron monster, there was a frightful roaring beneath us—the giant frame trembled and vibrated—there was a rush of sound as the loose earth passed up through the hollow space between the wheels and the outer jackets to be deposited in our wake.

Once more the thing was off.

But on the instant of departure I was nearly thrown from my seat by the sudden jerking of the prospecter. At first I did not realize what had happened, but presently it dawned upon me that just before entering the crust the towering walls had fallen through its supporting scaffolding, and that instead of entering the ground vertically we were plunging into it at a different angle. Where it would bring us out upon the upper crust I could not even conjecture.

Then I turned to note the effect of this strange experience upon Dian. She still sat shrouded in the great skin.

"Come, come," I cried, laughing, "come out of your shell. No Mahars eyes can reach you here."

CONCLUDED MONDAY.

At last I took my place in the driving seat and called to one of the men without to fetch Dian.

It happened that Hojia stood quite close to the doorway of the prospecter so that it was he who, without my knowledge, went to bring her, but how he succeeded in accomplishing the feat is a thing which I do not know. Nor were others in the plot to aid him. Nor can I believe that, since all my people were loyal to me and would have made short work of Hojia had he suggested the heartless scheme, even had he time to acquaint another with it.

It was all done so quickly that I may only believe that it was the result of sudden impulse, aided by a number of, to the driving mechanism, and pulled the prospecter into the right moment.

All I know is that it was Hojia who brought Dian to the prospecter, still wrapped from head to foot in a shawl of an enormous cave lion which had covered her since the Mahars prisoners had been brought into camp. He deposited his burden in the seat beside me.

I was all ready to get under way. Good-by had been said.

Deaths

These Notices Are Printed in the Evening Ledger Free of Charge.

Rev. I. Chantry Hoffman Tells Parents Amusements Should Be Provided Children by Firesides

WANTS ALTAR RESTORED

"Memory of Music, Laughter and Happiness Will Never Be Forgotten"

At last I took my place in the driving seat and called to one of the men without to fetch Dian.

It happened that Hojia stood quite close to the doorway of the prospecter so that it was he who, without my knowledge, went to bring her, but how he succeeded in accomplishing the feat is a thing which I do not know. Nor were others in the plot to aid him. Nor can I believe that, since all my people were loyal to me and would have made short work of Hojia had he suggested the heartless scheme, even had he time to acquaint another with it.

It was all done so quickly that I may only believe that it was the result of sudden impulse, aided by a number of, to the driving mechanism, and pulled the prospecter into the right moment.

All I know is that it was Hojia who brought Dian to the prospecter, still wrapped from head to foot in a shawl of an enormous cave lion which had covered her since the Mahars prisoners had been brought into camp. He deposited his burden in the seat beside me.

I was all ready to get under way. Good-by had been said.

Perry had grasped my hand in the last long farewell. I closed and barred the door and inner covers, took my seat again at the driving mechanism, and pulled the starting lever, as I had on my first journey.

As before on that far-gone night that had witnessed the first frame of the iron monster, there was a frightful roaring beneath us—the giant frame trembled and vibrated—there was a rush of sound as the loose earth passed up through the hollow space between the wheels and the outer jackets to be deposited in our wake.

Once more the thing was off.

But on the instant of departure I was nearly thrown from my seat by the sudden jerking of the prospecter. At first I did not realize what had happened, but presently it dawned upon me that just before entering the crust the towering walls had fallen through its supporting scaffolding, and that instead of entering the ground vertically we were plunging into it at a different angle. Where it would bring us out upon the upper crust I could not even conjecture.

Then I turned to note the effect of this strange experience upon Dian. She still sat shrouded in the great skin.

"Come, come," I cried, laughing, "come out of your shell. No Mahars eyes can reach you here."

CONCLUDED MONDAY.

At last I took my place in the driving seat and called to one of the men without to fetch Dian.

It happened that Hojia stood quite close to the doorway of the prospecter so that it was he who, without my knowledge, went to bring her, but how he succeeded in accomplishing the feat is a thing which I do not know. Nor were others in the plot to aid him. Nor can I believe that, since all my people were loyal to me and would have made short work of Hojia had he suggested the heartless scheme, even had he time to acquaint another with it.

It was all done so quickly that I may only believe that it was the result of sudden impulse, aided by a number of, to the driving mechanism, and pulled the prospecter into the right moment.

All I know is that it was Hojia who brought Dian to the prospecter, still wrapped from head to foot in a shawl of an enormous cave lion which had covered her since the Mahars prisoners had been brought into camp. He deposited his burden in the seat beside me.

I was all ready to get under way. Good-by had been said.

Perry had grasped my hand in the last long farewell. I closed and barred the door and inner covers, took my seat again at the driving mechanism, and pulled the starting lever, as I had on my first journey.

As before on that far-gone night that had witnessed the first frame of the iron monster, there was a frightful roaring beneath us—the giant frame trembled and vibrated—there was a rush of sound as the loose earth passed up through the hollow space between the wheels and the outer jackets to be deposited in our wake.

Once more the thing was off.

But on the instant of departure I was nearly thrown from my seat by the sudden jerking of the prospecter. At first I did not realize what had happened, but presently it dawned upon me that just before entering the crust the towering walls had fallen through its supporting scaffolding, and that instead of entering the ground vertically we were plunging into it at a different angle. Where it would bring us out upon the upper crust I could not even conjecture.

Then I turned to note the effect of this strange experience upon Dian. She still sat shrouded in the great skin.

"Come, come," I cried, laughing, "come out of your shell. No Mahars eyes can reach you here."

CONCLUDED MONDAY.

At last I took my place in the driving seat and called to one of the men without to fetch Dian.

It happened that Hojia stood quite close to the doorway of the prospecter so that it was he who, without my knowledge, went to bring her, but how he succeeded in accomplishing the feat is a thing which I do not know. Nor were others in the plot to aid him. Nor can I believe that, since all my people were loyal to me and would have made short work of Hojia had he suggested the heartless scheme, even had he time to acquaint another with it.

It was all done so quickly that I may only believe that it was the result of sudden impulse, aided by a number of, to the driving mechanism, and pulled the prospecter into the right moment.

All I know is that it was Hojia who brought Dian to the prospecter, still wrapped from head to foot in a shawl of an enormous cave lion which had covered her since the Mahars prisoners had been brought into camp. He deposited his burden in the seat beside me.

I was all ready to get under way. Good-by had been said.

Perry had grasped my hand in the last long farewell. I closed and barred the door and inner covers, took my seat again at the driving mechanism, and pulled the starting lever, as I had on my first journey.

As before on that far-gone night that had witnessed the first frame of the iron monster, there was a frightful roaring beneath us—the giant frame trembled and vibrated—there was a rush of sound as the loose earth passed up through the hollow space between the wheels and the outer jackets to be deposited in our wake.

Once more the thing was off.

But on the instant of departure I was nearly thrown from my seat by the sudden jerking of the prospecter. At first I did not realize what had happened, but presently it dawned upon me that just before entering the crust the towering walls had fallen through its supporting scaffolding, and that instead of entering the ground vertically we were plunging into it at a different angle. Where it would bring us out upon the upper crust I could not even conjecture.

Then I turned to note the effect of this strange experience upon Dian. She still sat shrouded in the great skin.

"Come, come," I cried, laughing, "come out of your shell. No Mahars eyes can reach you here."

CONCLUDED MONDAY.

At last I took my place in the driving seat and called to one of the men without to fetch Dian.

It happened that Hojia stood quite close to the doorway of the prospecter so that it was he who, without my knowledge, went to bring her, but how he succeeded in accomplishing the feat is a thing which I do not know. Nor were others in the plot to aid him. Nor can I believe that, since all my people were loyal to me and would have made short work of Hojia had he suggested the heartless scheme, even had he time to acquaint another with it.

It was all done so quickly that I may only believe that it was the result of sudden impulse, aided by a number of, to the driving mechanism, and pulled the prospecter into the right moment.

All I know is that it was Hojia who brought Dian to the prospecter, still wrapped from head to foot in a shawl of an enormous cave lion which had covered her since the Mahars prisoners had been brought into camp. He deposited his burden in the seat beside me.

I was all ready to get under way. Good-by had been said.

Deaths

These Notices Are Printed in the Evening Ledger Free of Charge.

Rev. I. Chantry Hoffman Tells Parents Amusements Should Be Provided Children by Firesides

WANTS ALTAR RESTORED

"Memory of Music, Laughter and Happiness Will Never Be Forgotten"

At last I took my place in the driving seat and called to one of the men without to fetch Dian.

It happened that Hojia stood quite close to the doorway of the prospecter so that it was he who, without my knowledge, went to bring her, but how he succeeded in accomplishing the feat is a thing which I do not know. Nor were others in the plot to aid him. Nor can I believe that, since all my people were loyal to me and would have made short work of Hojia had he suggested the heartless scheme, even had he time to acquaint another with it.

It was all done so quickly that I may only believe that it was the result of sudden impulse, aided by a number of, to the driving mechanism, and pulled the prospecter into the right moment.

All I know is that it was Hojia who brought Dian to the prospecter, still wrapped from head to foot in a shawl of an enormous cave lion which had covered her since the Mahars prisoners had been brought into camp. He deposited his burden in the seat beside me.

I was all ready to get under way. Good-by had been said.

Perry had grasped my hand in the last long farewell. I closed and barred the door and inner covers, took my seat again at the driving mechanism, and pulled the starting lever, as I had on my first journey.

As before on that far-gone night that had witnessed the first frame of the iron monster, there was a frightful roaring beneath us—the giant frame trembled and vibrated—there was a rush of sound as the loose earth passed up through the hollow space between the wheels and the outer jackets to be deposited in our wake.

Once more the thing was off.

But on the instant of departure I was nearly thrown from my seat by the sudden jerking of the prospecter. At first I did not realize what had happened, but presently it dawned upon me that just before entering the crust the towering walls had fallen through its supporting scaffolding, and that instead of entering the ground vertically we were plunging into it at a different angle. Where it would bring us out upon the upper crust I could not even conjecture.

Then I turned to note the effect of this strange experience upon Dian. She still sat shrouded in the great skin.

"Come, come," I cried, laughing, "come out of your shell. No Mahars eyes can reach you here."

CONCLUDED MONDAY.

At last I took my place in the driving seat and called to one of the men without to fetch Dian.

It happened that Hojia stood quite close to the doorway of the prospecter so that it was he who, without my knowledge, went to bring her, but how he succeeded in accomplishing the feat is a thing which I do not know. Nor were others in the plot to aid him. Nor can I believe that, since all my people were loyal to me and would have made short work of Hojia had he suggested the heartless scheme, even had he time to acquaint another with it.

It was all done so quickly that I may only believe that it was the result of sudden impulse, aided by a number of, to the driving mechanism, and pulled the prospecter into the right moment.

All I know is that it was Hojia who brought Dian to the prospecter, still wrapped from head to foot in a shawl of an enormous cave lion which had covered her since the Mahars prisoners had been brought into camp. He deposited his burden in the seat beside me.

I was all ready to get under way. Good-by had been said.

Perry had grasped my hand in the last long farewell. I closed and barred the door and inner covers, took my seat again at the driving mechanism, and pulled the starting lever, as I had on my first journey.

As before on that far-gone night that had witnessed the first frame of the iron monster, there was a frightful roaring beneath us—the giant frame trembled and vibrated—there was a rush of sound as the loose earth passed up through the hollow space between the wheels and the outer jackets to be deposited in our wake.

Once more the thing was off.

But on the instant of departure I was nearly thrown from my seat by the sudden jerking of the prospecter. At first I did not realize what had happened, but presently it dawned upon me that just before entering the crust the towering walls had fallen through its supporting scaffolding, and that instead of entering the ground vertically we were plunging into it at a different angle. Where it would bring us out upon the upper crust I could not even conjecture.

Then I turned to note the effect of this strange experience upon Dian. She still sat shrouded in the great skin.

"Come, come," I cried, laughing, "come out of your shell. No Mahars eyes can reach you here."

CONCLUDED MONDAY.

At last I took my place in the driving seat and called to one of the men without to fetch Dian.

It happened that Hojia stood quite close to the doorway of the prospecter so that it was he who, without my knowledge, went to bring her, but how he succeeded in accomplishing the feat is a thing which I do not know. Nor were others in the plot to aid him. Nor can I believe that, since all my people were loyal to me and would have made short work of Hojia had he suggested the heartless scheme, even had he time to acquaint another with it.

It was all done so quickly that I may only believe that it was the result of sudden impulse, aided by a number of, to the driving mechanism, and pulled the prospecter into the right moment.

All I know is that it was Hojia who brought Dian to the prospecter, still wrapped from head to foot in a shawl of an enormous cave lion which had covered her since the Mahars prisoners had been brought into camp. He deposited his burden in the seat beside me.

I was all ready to get under way. Good-by had been said.

Perry had grasped my hand in the last long farewell. I closed and barred the door and inner covers, took my seat again at the driving mechanism, and pulled the starting lever, as I had on my first journey.

As before on that far-gone night that had witnessed the first frame of the iron monster, there was a frightful roaring beneath us—the giant frame trembled and vibrated—there was a rush of sound as the loose earth passed up through the hollow space between the wheels and the outer jackets to be deposited in our wake.

Once more the thing was off.

But on the instant of departure I was nearly thrown from my seat by the sudden jerking of the prospecter. At first I did not realize what had happened, but presently it dawned upon me that just before entering the crust the towering walls had fallen through its supporting scaffolding, and that instead of entering the ground vertically we were plunging into it at a different angle. Where it would bring us out upon the upper crust I could not even conjecture.

Then I turned to note the effect of this strange experience upon Dian. She still sat shrouded in the great skin.

"Come, come," I cried, laughing, "come out of your shell. No Mahars eyes can reach you here."

CONCLUDED MONDAY.

At last I took my place in the driving seat and called to one of the men without to fetch Dian.

It happened that Hojia stood quite close to the doorway of the prospecter so that it was he who, without my knowledge, went to bring her, but how he succeeded in accomplishing the feat is a thing which I do not know. Nor were others in the plot to aid him. Nor can I believe that, since all my people were loyal to me and would have made short work of Hojia had he suggested the heartless scheme, even had he time to acquaint another with it.

It was all done so quickly that I may only believe that it was the result of sudden impulse, aided by a number of, to the driving mechanism, and pulled the prospecter into the right moment.

All I know is that it was Hojia who brought Dian to the prospecter, still wrapped from head to foot in a shawl of an enormous cave lion which had covered her since the Mahars prisoners had been brought into camp. He deposited his burden in the seat beside me.

I was all ready to get under way. Good-by had been said.

THE HOME GARDEN FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT

By JOHN BARTRAM

How Much Ground Will a Garden Take?

Exercise, pleasure, change, fresh vegetables, lovely flowers—these are the crops I have got and continue to get from my home garden. The ground under cultivation measures about 45 feet by 100 feet, or a trifle over.

Part of it, on the east side, is taken up with a row of hardy annuals and the asparagus bed and a couple of grape vines trained low along the fence.

On the other side is a row of gooseberry and currant bushes and a row of raspberries. At one end are rhubarb, more currants and several grape vines. Between the small fruits and the truck-patch proper are narrow walks. All this reduces the net area devoted to gardening. On this patch, where grown enough tomatoes, corn, beans (lima, string and wax), beets, lettuce, cabbage, brussels sprouts, greens, cucumbers, squash, peas and other vegetables to afford constant variety and plenty for a family of five and sometimes seven. The overflow of tomatoes provided sufficient canned for the winter, cucumbers and peppers gave pickles, chow chow, etc., and of other vegetables there was a generous store.

On an average suburban plot (stolen from the back lawn) of, say, 20 by 40 feet, 12 or 14 rows are possible and there is room for a row between for tomatoes, two of wax beans, one or two of scallions, one of radishes, one of beets, one of chard for greens, two or three of heads of lettuce, one of cauliflower, one of string beans, one of peas, one of lettuce and radishes can be cared for, and these will furnish a good supply.

It is hardly feasible to have much corn in such a garden, because it takes room and ties up the ground over a long period. It is possible to have a succession, though, following the early peas with something else and the other things accordingly. In the back yard, it is possible to have a dozen tomato plants, divided between early and main crops, a couple of green bush lima plants and parsley and sage, and these extremes all sorts of combinations are possible.

Lack of space need not deter any one from undertaking a garden. Plenty can be grown for normal needs in amazingly small spaces. By careful planning, intensive cultivation and successful planting of reasonable varieties—"earlies," mid-sea-

sons and late "croppers"—the garden will be continuously bearing. It is an absolute misapprehension of the true conditions to ignore the possibilities contained in the small plot. The secret is to turn every inch of the soil to advantage. System means results. And, by the way, if you are not systematic, don't attempt to have a garden at all. It is of no use.

On the other side is a row of gooseberry and currant bushes and a row of raspberries. At one end are rhubarb, more currants and several grape vines. Between the small fruits and the truck-patch proper are narrow walks. All this reduces the net area devoted to gardening. On this patch, where grown enough tomatoes, corn, beans (lima, string and wax), beets, lettuce, cabbage, brussels sprouts, greens, cucumbers, squash, peas and other vegetables to afford constant variety and plenty for a family of five and sometimes seven. The overflow of tomatoes provided sufficient canned for the winter, cucumbers and peppers gave pickles, chow chow, etc., and of other vegetables there was a generous store.

On an average suburban plot (stolen from the back lawn) of, say, 20 by 40 feet, 12 or 14 rows are possible and there is room for a row between for tomatoes, two of wax beans, one or two of scallions, one of radishes, one of beets, one of chard